Vol. II. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, Complete

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER, 1876. NO. 1.

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE.

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont. The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost.

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REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, four books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, the Bucolics, and six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, to the VIIth Chapter.

GREEK—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books.

Ancient and Modern Geography.

Arithmetic; Algebra to Equations of the Second Degree, and three books of Loomis' Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

FRESHMAN CLASS.—Latin Grammar (Harkness), Livy (Lincoln's Selections), Cicero De Senectute and De Amicitia (Chase & Stuart), Horace's Odes and Epodes (Macleane), Homer's Odyssey (Merry), Herodotus and Thucydides, (Mather), Xenophon's Memorabilia (Robbins), Latin Prose Composition (Arnold), Greek Prose Composition (Jones), Classical History and Antiquity, Etymology and Syntax of the Greek Verb (Hadley and Goodwin), Algebra (Davies' Bourdon), Geometry (Loomis).

SOPHOMORE CLASS.—Horace's Epistle and Satires [Macleane], Cicero, De Officiis, or Tusculan Disputations [Chase], Tacitus Histories, or Germania and Agricola [Tyler], Sophocles, Lysias, Aristophanes, Exercises in Writing Latin and Greek, German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Analytical Geometry [Loomis], Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical; Mensuration; Surveying, with practice in the field; Navigation [Loomis], Calculus [Loomis], Trench's Study of Words, and English Past and Present, Rhetoric [Hart], Physiology [Dalton].

JUNIOR CLASS.—Quintilian [Frieze], Select Plays of Terence [Davies], or Satires of Juvenal [Escott], German [Whitney's Grammar and Reader], Natural Philosophy [Snell's Olmstead], Astronomy [Loomis], Chemistry [Elliot and Storer], Botany [Gray], Rhetoric [Whately], Logic [Jevons], Evidences of Christianity [Paley].

SENIOR CLASS.—Political Economy [Perry], International Law [Woolsey], History of Civilization [Guizot], Butler's Analogy, Fine Art [Torrey], Natural Theology [Paley], Intellectual Philosophy [Porter], Moral Science [Alexander, Peabody], History of Grecian Philosophy, Geology [Dana], Zoology [Tenney], English Literature [Taine], Forensic Discussions, Review of the Studies of the Year.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty, supplementing the text book and giving in concise form the latest investigations.

The Cabinet and Museum contains a large number of specimens, and is designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains over 12,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement.

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There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

CALENDAR.

1877.	Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of Philadelphian Society,	June 24.
	Examination for Admission,	June 25.
	Alumni Day,	June 26.
	Commencement,	June 27.
	College year begins	Sept. 6.

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The Undergraduate.

VOL. II. MIDDLEBURY, VT., OCTOBER, 1876. NO. 1.

THE TRAVELER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

By weather wild all overawed,
A traveler prayed the chiefest God
For windless air and shine of sun.
In vain! Zeus only gives disdain;
The heavens storm with wind and rain:
For weather fair to-day is none.

The traveler bitter plaint doth vent
That Zeus plagues man with fixed intent,
And sets upon his way with toil.
Whene'er the storm-wind sweeps the land
And bids him quickly still to stand,
Then plaining words anew outboil.

A forest's trees are standing near,
He hastes, that rain and tempest drear
He may escape within this wood;
But 'ere he gained the forest green
A robber coming forth was seen,
And in the rain he fearful stood.

The robber grasps his bow to strain
Which yet had been relaxed by rain.
He aims and marks the pilgrim true.
Yet wind and rain had managed well—
The arrow down before him fell,
Whose heart 'twas meant to pierce straight through.

"O, fool," (Zeus' voice with scorn is fraught),
"Wilt thou be by the arrow taught
If I have left thee storm too free?
Had I but given thee shine of sun,
The arrow then thy life had won,
Which storm and wind have saved to thee." T.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POETICAL TRANSLATION.

I. INTRODUCTION.

To one who never made the attempt, it may may seem a very easy thing to translate the poetry of one language into poetry again in another. Indeed, to children and to young persons who yet are somewhat more mature, it is frequently a matter of curiosity, perplexity and wonder, that a rhymed poem rendered literally from language to language, does not rehabilitate itself in the new tongue in all the pleasing and graceful garments of measure, rythm and rhyme which it had in the old. It is at first quite incomprehensible to them, that the sign of an idea in one language should be a word of only one syllable, while in another it may be one of two or three; nor, indeed, do they readily understand how words of such different length and sound as *or*, *gold* and *aurium*, or as *noir*, *black*, *niger* and *schwarz*, can possibly represent the same idea. Time, however, with the increase of observation and insight into nature, will lessen the mystery in some degree, if it does not altogether clear it up. Moreover, it will be plainly seen as light is further thrown upon the matter, that much more is required in a poetical than in a prose translation, and that a person who may be fully fitted to succeed in the one, might fail completely, or nearly so, in the other. But the surest and quickest way for one to attain to this knowledge, is by attempting to make a translation for himself. If he will do this, he will infallibly soon discover that there is no little difficulty in the work, and hence will see that no little credit is due to him who essays it with success.

It may, perhaps, give some understanding of the exceeding difficulty of making a good and worthy translation of a poem, to say that it is at least no easier than to write the poem originally, —unless, indeed, we choose to consider the poet the preposterous and impossible being he is represented to be by the sage and eloquent Imlac,— and that, therefore, the translator needs all the qualifications of the original writer, with the exception of probably only one--that of invention. And besides those qualifications, there are other special ones which he must possess, which are peculiar to his province, but which to the poet are not essential. While the poet himself must be imaginative, fanciful, skilled in the construction of metres and rhymes; while he must be fertile in terms, and facile and happy in the

application of epithets; the translator on the other hand, must have at least sufficient fancy to enable him to thoroughly comprehend his original: he must be possessed of equal rhyming and metrical skill; he must be fully conversant with the language of the original and of the translation, having a deep and accurate knowledge of the idioms and synonyms of both; and he must have as delicate and nice a musical ear and as good a talent for the formation, combination and arrangement of harmonious sounds as the poet himself; and, moreover, he must have an untiring patience which will render him able vigorously to contend with the most intricate and complicated linguistic difficulties, so that he may succeed in bringing out of a sometimes almost hopeless chaos of words and expressions, of clauses and sentences, equivalent expressions and sentences of rythm, sense, beauty and grace. Such are the qualifications imperatively demanded of the successful translator of poetry. Let us now examine somewhat into the task which, having these, he is competent to undertake.

In the translation of every poem whose verses rhyme, there are five things to be severally considered—five distinct and separate features to which especial attention must be given. These are the sense, the spirit, the metre, the rythm and the rhyme. Upon the skillful handling of these five parts depends entirely the success of the effort, and no translation can justly be called fine, or even fair, if all the five are not equally well managed, or if the treatment of any one of them should be defective.

In the next number of the paper we shall enter into a somewhat careful and minute examination and analysis of the various qualities above named, and shall attempt to determine just where lies the boundary line between a good and a poor translation. We shall then endeavor to discover what it is that must be added to the fair, decently good translation to render it worthy of being considered really excellent. In the number succeeding that, if we can find sufficient space we shall present a few specimens by way of illustration, and may, perhaps, discuss the merits and defects of some of the translations made by the best and most skillful artists in this line of literary work.

LINGUISTIC SLIPS.

However deplorable the fact may be, it nevertheless is a fact that but very few persons use the English language correctly at all times. This assertion is not by any means restricted to those who have not had the advantage of extended schooling,—for from such we can scarcely look for any great degree of grammatical accuracy,—but it is intended to embrace the great mass of the best educated men of the English speaking world.

If we examine closely the columns of the leading journals; if we carefully read the pages of the best novelists and essayists; if we peruse with attention the messages of presidents and governors, and the speeches of the most noted advocates and public men; we shall find them quite frequently teeming not only with the most serious defects of taste and style, but also with palpable, downright grammatical blunders. And if they who write the language with entire correctness are very few, those who so employ it in their ordinary conversation are still more rarely seen. There are a few common verbs which are constant stumbling blocks to those who wish to speak and write the language with grammatical precision. Probably those which most often trip us up are the verbs *do*, *see* and *ought;* next to which come the verbs *lie* and *lay*. The great trouble with the first three of these is to use them in their proper tenses; while the other two, unless we are very careful,—and we are not apt to be careful in common conversation,—are continually getting at loggerheads, so that we use the parts of active verbs in a neuter sense, and *vice versa*. Thus, most people, scholars as well as boors, use the participles *done* and *seen* as the imperfects of the verbs to which they belong, and there are not many who suspect that when they say *had ought* they are playing the mischief with Lindley Murray & Co.

Now, one need not have much learning to know that such a sentence as "He gone to Boston," or "We written the letters," does not accord with the laws of the language. Yet they are exactly as good English as "She done the work," "We seen you there," or "You had ought to come." The only difference is that in some way these participles of *to see* and *to do* and the wrongly-assumed pluperfect of *ought* have been so much used in this erroneous manner, that they have come at last to sound to many like very good grammar. But it would sound strange indeed to hear *written* and *gone* used as imperfects, and even a man who never heard of grammar would know instinctively, though he could not tell the reason why, that they were incorrect. So, simple custom makes a vast difference. As for *sit*, *set*, *lie* and *lay*, we employ them just as it happens—sometimes getting them right, more frequently getting them wrong. As the imperfect and perfect participle of *to lie* and *to lay*, *laid* is generally used; while *set* performs the same service for *to sit* and *to set*, although *sot* is used by people of the rural regions as a compromise between *set* and *sat*.

There is another class of errors which are very often met with, and these result from using the nominative case for the objective, or the objective for the nominative. To illustrate: you but seldom hear a person say "It was I," "It was she," etc.; but they will almost invariably say "It was me," "It was him," "It was her," etc. Errors like these do not often get into print, but there is just one of this class which is frequently found in the works of even the best of writers. This is the use of the nominative *who* for the objective *whom*, and it happens usually when the pronoun is separated from the verb by several intervening words. For instance, take the sentence, "Whom did you say you were living with?" We venture to say that this sentence and others like it would begin with a nominative nine times out of every ten, in the works of standard authors. If any one doubts this, let him carefully read Dickens, Thackeray and Scott, and he will find that it is undoubtedly true; and he would come across such constructions on almost every page of Smollett and Marryatt, without reading at all carefully.

The above are only a few of the many misapplications of our language. The list might be greatly increased, but those already given are sufficient for our purpose. Now it may be said that these are small matters, and not worthy of attention, but it is not so. If our language has a grammar, that grammar ought to be observed. If, however, it is really impossible, as it seems to be, for men of education to use the language correctly on all occasions, simply on account of such little difficulties as we have spoken about, then it seems to us that some compromise is necessary on the part of grammar itself, and that such constructions as using the nominative and objective interchangeably in our familiar conversations ought to be distinctly authorized by the grammars, and although regretted, still allowed. Until this is done, we shall always keep stubbing our toes on the snags of the English tongue.

A BACON UNDER A BUSHEL.

It is with the utmost possible pleasure that we make room to insert the following letter, although to do so we are obliged to turn the cold shoulder upon matter especially prepared for this department — matter more appropriate, perhaps, but hardly so valuable or interesting. The letter needs no further introduction, as it will fully explain itself; so here goes:

———, ——, Aug. 30, 1876.

DEAR SIR,—

Having learned that a vacancy exists in the chair of Philosophy at your college, I take occasion to offer my services. I was graduated at —— in 18—; during the second half of my college course I took four courses in Philosophy in addition to a course required, it having been my purpose to take Honors; which I should have done had I not been misinformed as to the number of electives required in that department, not finding out the mistake until too late to be remedied. My mark for the Senior year was 90 per cent. Since graduation my time has been

chiefly occupied with Philosophy and Mathematics, in which latter subject I took the degree of A. M. last ——. I am peculiarly fitted by nature and training for work in the department of Philosophy, both as regards acquisition and thought [*sic*], and have been studying with a view to securing a college instructorship, the duties of which would be compatible with the labors of a scholar [*sic*, again].

My experience in private tutoring at —— (in college studies) has been such as to show that I have the faculty [*sic*, *sic*] of imparting knowledge; in which respect the study of Mental Philosophy and Psychology, to which I have given much attention, both by books and my own observations, would be of very great aid; and my physical strength, both vital and muscular, is such as to give a firmness and decision to my manner that command respect [another *sic*]. I would add that I would be satisfied with a salary of a $1000 [*sic*, *sic*] the first year; not that I have not the scholarship and ability [*sic*, more *sic*, most *sic*] to command a larger, but because I am just starting, and young men, as a rule, are obliged to work for much less than their superiors in age, although they may be inferiors in capacity. Enclosed is a copy of a testimonial from Dr. ——, to whom you are referred for further information concerning me, as he is better acquainted with my mental characteristics than any other instructor at ——. His present address is ——, ——. In case the gentleman, whose services you are at present endeavoring to secure, declines the position, I trust that my application may receive careful consideration.

Very respectfully yours,

—— ——, A. M.

Now, we are exceedingly sorry that existing circumstances render it impossible that this young gentleman's petition should at present be granted. We wish it might, however; and were we ourself only engineering this institution, he should have the position desired and the salary of a thousand a year, even if, to bring about this happy result, it should be necessary to give a compulsory ticket-of-leave to every other man upon the faculty. He should have the coveted place and the salary sought at any cost. The youthful gentleman is evidently a prodigy — a miracle of modesty and learning; of this his letter is positive proof. In every sentence, nay, in every word, we can see that its writer is a remarkable man. As we read the letter with critical care we are convinced beyond a doubtful thought that Philosophy has found a new expounder; Mathematics, a loving, loyal spouse. The author is plainly the brightest intellect of his time. From every word, from every letter, genius protrudes its thoughtful brow. This very epistle alone is sufficient to stamp its author as some great mental miracle, some Aristotle of these latter times, some Bacon whose light is yet hid by a bushel. But his light must soon break suddenly out, and burn with a brilliant, blinding glare. In comparison with him, Newton and Pascal will sink into naught — Hamilton and Locke will lose their lustre. The *debut* ought soon to be made. But it cannot be here. No, no; it is not for Middlebury college to have the distinguished honor of boosting this illustrious intellect into fame. Who, then, shall pluck the precious prize? Shall it be Harvard, or Amherst, or Yale? We cannot tell; but the competition ought at least to be lively, and we scarcely can doubt that it will.

The critics who are accustomed to dive into the deepest depths of the vocabulary of laudation, and to bestow upon George Eliot all the precious stones of praise they can find therein, are at present giving all their attention to the lady's latest novel; and, indeed, they give her all the praise the book deserves, if not some little more. The other class of critics, — those literary porcupines, — who will not allow that there is anything good, anything sensible, or anything true in the novels of this writer, have just as little to say in praise of *Daniel Deronda* as they said of *Felix Holt* and *Middlemarch*. Now, we don't take much stock in the superior greatness of George Eliot, but yet we know that she has written much that is very good, much that we should not like to lose. Although we do not look upon her as by any means the greatest writer of fiction, we should nevertheless not wish to part forever with *Middlemarch*, which we still consider her finest work, despite the claims of *Daniel Deronda*.

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT, OCTOBER, 1876.

EDITORS:

A. T. STAPLETON '77, *Editor-in-Chief.*

C. B. WARNER, '77, M. B. MANLEY, '78,
J. M. GIFFORD, '77, R. H. SMITH, '78,
J. W. ATWOOD, '78, W. J. FISH, '78.

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EDITORIAL.

TIMIDLY yet hopefully do we step into the place of our predecessor—a place which we know full well our pygmy person cannot fully fill. While we are aware that our position is something of an honor, we are also aware that it is more of a burden. Indeed, our case is not wholly unlike that of the negro, to whom a barrel of molasses was offered, on condition that he should bear it home upon his shoulders: The molasses was heavy, but it was also sweet; so Sam, wishing to win it to himself, shouldered the load and set out for home. Ere he had reached his gate, however, overcome by the weight of his precious load, he sank to the earth with a broken back. Although, then, it is certain that that the burden of the editorial management is greater than the honor, we do not therefore apprehend any such disastrous consequence as the breaking of our metaphorical back; for if we did we should dump the load without ado. Our case, moreover, is different from the negro's in this, that he undertook his burden by choice, that thereby he might purchase pleasure, while ours was thrust upon us as a duty; so if there be any sweetness in it, it is only incidental. As a duty we must hence regard it, and shall do our best for its successful fulfillment. Nor is it very probable that our mistakes can be so serious, or our blundering so successful, as to completely drag down THE UNDERGRADUATE from the high place which it took at the outset in the field of college journalism. The paper has certainly a good start upon its journey, and it is only necessary now that we should guide it on its way. While, then, we are somewhat disposed to tremble for our pilotship, we cannot but at the same time remember that the difficulty of keeping the thing agoing is nothing to that encountered in setting it afoot. It is something like putting heavy machinery into operation: it is hard to get it started, but being started, it runs easily enough if it is only properly lubricated and the force kept up. To apply the force and to keep well oiled the wheel-work of the paper is therefore our present task; and even if the work is not so very easy, it is not, on the other hand, so difficult as to be impossible. The load is heavy enough, it is true, but still is not Atlantean. If we can keep the paper where it is, we shall be content with that. We shall make no changes in the departments, but would very well like to have more space for literary articles, or at least that the paper might be issued oftener than it is. But the matter of money prevents this, so we cannot have our wish. We have been assured that the personal notes are very interesting to the Alumni residing out of town, and shall continue to give especial attention to that department. In our criticisms of other college journals, we shall always wish and seek for much to praise and little to condemn. As to the editorial department, it must of course be somewhat local in its nature, and yet we shall endeavor to make its articles of general interest whenever we can rightfully do so. And if, after all our efforts, our management shall prove a failure, we are sure it will result from want of ability, and not from want of will.

We have thought it advisable to begin with this number a new volume of the paper, leaving the first one incomplete. We have done this in order that the volumes might run along hereafter with the college years, and thus bring about more regularity and system than we should otherwise obtain. This change need not and will not cause the least confusion or embarrassment. The subscriptions of those who commence with the first number of the first volume will continue through the fourth number of the second, and others accordingly.

There is a good old English proverb which wisely cautions us fallible men against the very common error of attempting to count our chickens before they are hatched. But proverb or no proverb, it is an error that we all fall into, more or less; and, moreover, not only do we often reckon the number of our chickens before they have yet peeped out from the shell, but we even oftentimes proceed to take the census of a chicken brood before the laying of the eggs on which the old hen is determined to sit. But this is no cause for wonder. Indeed, some hundred years ago the great orator of the Revolution incrusted in a princely sentence the fact of this universal tendency of mortals. "It is natural," said he, "It is natural for men to indulge in the illusions of hope." So it is; and, like most other men, the faculty of Middlebury college have proven themselves exceedingly true to nature in this respect. In their pleasantly hopeful imaginations they have lately beheld glorious visions of smart young men flocking in, in eager hosts to this famous town, that at its honored institution they might grasp the pith of ancient lore and modern learning, and sip of the sap of human wisdom. The youthful brilliance of all the state was to seek its inspiration here. Hereafter forever were the halls of this college to swarm with talent and genius, looking with longing eyes for the light which should reveal them the paths by which to travel through life. Never were the pleasures of hope more pleasant—sometimes has hope been more hopelessly crushed; but the reality differs widely from the expectation. The Freshman class is but half of its looked-for size.

Thus, then, it is evident that the chickens were counted a little too soon. But while they were plainly counted before they were hatched, it is not at all true that the census was taken before the appearance of the eggs. On the contrary, nearly forty good-sized ones had been laid, and the faculty's hatchers were lovingly keeping them warm within the nest. The trouble was that they didn't all hatch out; and even of the fowls that did result, there were some so poor and sickly that decapitation became a necessity, and others which, being not so feeble, have been for the present put out to nurse. But the class, as we have said, is only about half so large as it was expected it would be; yet it must not be supposed from this that any calamity has befallen the college. On the other hand the class, after all the prunings, is somewhat the largest we have had for many a day, and the prospects for future years are growing visibly brighter. Neither should it be forgotten that the class would have been larger if the Faculty could consent to receive as students persons not properly prepared; for it was to their fixed determination to admit no one who was not up to the required standard, and not any lack of applicants, which has made the class smaller than it might have been. This high standard of admission is one of the prominent features in the conduct of this college, and it alone is sufficient to make the institution famous. We have just one word of advice, however, to give the Faculty in this connection,—if, indeed, advice from such a humble source should not be rather held as impudence,—and it is this: not to set the standard so high that a class-leader at Harvard or a professor at Yale could not pass the examination for admission. The advice may be of little value, but then we give it cheap.

We have not infrequently heard people declare that no son of theirs should ever go to college, alleging as their reason that college life has an immoral and corrupting tendency, and

that young men are likely to come forth from it demoralized and debauched. It is not easy to see how this very erroneous impression should be so much received, but we rather suspect that the idea was taken, at least in some degree, not from any actual observation, but from reading in the current literature stories of life at the older English universities. Now, it is exceedingly easy to obtain a false notion from a novel, particularly if it was written by authors like Thackeray, Hughes, Lever or Henry Kingsley. In the pictures of college life presented by these and other authors, the conventional young gentleman is exhibited as one who ceaselessly struggles to make his university career one long, jolly spell and round of revelry; who makes not the slightest pretense at reading, and is continually inventing new ways to worry the deans; who passes his whole time in sporting, gaming, drinking, and flirting with bar-maids; who only aspires to win distinction by smashing heads in the rows between town and gown, and by breaking hosts of ladies' hearts. Now, pictures of this kind are apt to leave a wrong impression on the minds of sober men and women — not, indeed, because they are true representations, for, except in few and isolated instances, they are not — but these novels carry a wrong impression because the tales which pretend to be records of college life are not generally known to be exaggerations, as they assuredly are. But while it may be true that there are a great many men at Oxford and Cambridge who spend their time as described in the novels, and who will never take their degree if they stay for a score of years, with the American college the case is entirely different. The tendency here is to work and study. The American student is customarily a poor man and a plugger. He expects to get a living by his brains,and toils to that end. Ordinarily, he is not much given to dissipation. The feast of folly and the flow of bowl for him have no delight. He cannot afford nor does he desire a drunken debauch of a single night, much less a Dionysian feast or a drunk of a dozen years. He has no wish and no intention to turn out a Sheridan, or a McDougal, or a Yates. By no mean sullen and morose, he is at all times ready for frolic and fun, and with all his toil, despite all his study and cramming, he leads a very pleasant life — so much so indeed, that every old graduate will emphatically assert that he looks back on his four years at college as the happiest days he has known. If in after life he is a reveler and debauchee, it is not the result of influences exerted upon him while running his college course. At the very worst, he is but an idle good-for-nothing, who skips recitations, cuts lectures, and gets admonished. If he steadies himself and mends his manners, well and good; but if not, he is censured, it may be, or even expelled. And in the few rare and exceptional instances in which it appears at his graduation that a student has spent his days in reveling and debauchery,

"And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night,"

it will be found that he has done so only because it was his disposition, and he would have done the same as well out of college as in. The college takes a man as he is and does the best it can for him. If he disdains her services, it is not the institution's fault, but plainly is his own.

The present number of The Undergraduate has been unavoidable delayed, but hereafter we hope and expect to get it out on time without fail. In order to be sure of doing this, we should like just a little assistance from the students generally. We observe that they seem to think it is the business of the editors to do the whole of the work, and will find fault everytime the paper is delayed for a few days. We suppose the editors are capable of writing the whole thing, but it doesn't seem fair to require it of them.

The late arrival of frost will not probably lead to forgetfulness that the winter cometh wherein the shivering students will bless the Janitor in proportion to the warmth of the recitation room.

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Where are the thirty and five?

It is almost time for the annual hunt.

We are pleased to see Prof. Parker about again.

The students had a half holiday for the agricultural horse trot.

President Hulbert is in as great demand as ever as a lecturer.

Two of '78 have left college for a year. They will finish with '79.

Prof. Webber is to instruct the Seniors in Intellectual Philosophy.

Deus didn't *volens* worth a cent, and No. 11 "busted" in his morality.

One of our editors has been obliged to leave on account of sore eyes.

Our former editor-in-chief has been visiting us. He looks mightily "frantic."

One of the "green 'uns" thinks the Odyssey not quite so hard as Homer.

That five dollar pear joke was rather tough. So we won't say anything about it.

We heard a Senior speak of the poet *Tetrarch*, the other day. When did he live?

The books which were contributed to the library by the class of '76 have been received.

How hard it seems for some of the class of '76 to tear themselves away from their Alma Mater!

"All horse-shedders are requested to leave at 9:30 P. M.," is posted on a Freshman's door. Very pious idea.

The Freshman class numbers seventeen. There were several others, but they "couldn't stand the racket."

One of the Freshmen who was "encored" last "annual" has at last found his way into our "garbage barrel."

A Freshman was heard to inform one of the "Terribles" that he needn't put on quite so much *Soporific* dignity!

"Cow-shedding," as one of our *fratres in urbe* calls it, is rather on the wane. They've probably made up their minds.

"He took a *tower* to France," said a Senior while reciting in English Literature. Did he wheel it on a wheel-barrow?

We are sorry to note the disappearance of one of the English elms in front of Starr Hall, though undoubtedly the front rooms are much pleasanter in consequence.

The party at Mrs. Goodrich's, which we had the pleasure of attending, was a brilliant success. Who gives the next one?

"Let me see if there is anything in the book like what you are saying," interrupted the President when a Senior was reciting.

The two Seniors who took the Botanical prizes last term "did the handsome" in a very acceptable manner. But we felt like a *faded specimen* next morning.

Quotation.—We don't like to see a certain Senior "feel his oats" so much—when he has only two or three oats to feel. Can you guess who that Senior might be?

One of the Invincibles propounded the following horrible conundrum the other day: "Why is this tobacco like a certain young lady in town?" "Give it up." "Because it bites one's tongue!!!"

Practical hard times illustration of the descent of man: A Senior who used to sport cigars now smokes a black clay pipe. "O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Yes, and "O, hang the hard times, too, my countrymen!"

There are some dealers in town who will neither advertise in THE UNDERGRADUATE nor subscribe for a copy to help us along; and yet these same people are always glad enough to obtain custom from the students. Now, we don't wish to exert any influence over any one else, but as for us, we shall hereafter patronize those who advertise with us, and no others.

We heard a certain Senior complaining the other day that injustice had been done him in the award of the botanical prizes, last term. He thinks that although he did not have the largest number of specimens, yet he should have received some reward for the zeal and rapidity with which he worked, inasmuch as he claims to have collected, pressed, analyzed, mounted and named his seventy-five specimens in the quickest time on record — just 45 minutes and 59 seconds by the clock. Pray, let him be rewarded.

If it be not as yet too late in the season, we would like to introduce our pet poet to the public, in a few verses containing some very sage advice — advice which we are bound to believe is both sounder and more likely to be eagerly followed by those to whom it is addressed than any yet given in the various attempts at popular poetry which have recently been running the rounds of the comic and tragic press alike. Here it is:

Kiss, boys, kiss; kiss with care;
Kiss every lass that is debonnaire;
Kiss all the cheeks that are plump and fair,
And give the rosy lips their share.
Let prudent mammies fume and flare,
But kiss, boys kiss, kiss with care!
Let doting daddies curse and swear,
But kiss, boys, kiss, what need you care?
Then kiss, boys, kiss, if kiss you dare—
Of cherry lips kiss every pair,
And give the rosy cheeks their share!

Are not our praises just? Boys, take the advice, and follow it to the full!

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

'27. Dr. E. C. Wines has printed several papers on prison reform in the N. Y. *Evening Post.*

'29. Rev. Truman Post, D. D., of St. Louis, spent some time in Middlebury recently, and preached at the Congregational church on Sept. 17.

'37. Rev. Rufus S. Cushman, D. D., of Manchester, Vt., is confined to his house by illness.

'39. John G. Saxe has been sick at his home in Albany for some time past.

'46. Ex-Gov. John W. Stewart has been elected speaker of the lower house of the state legislature.

'54. E. A. Rankin of St. Albans has been appointed secretary of Civil and Military Affairs by Gov. Fairbanks.

'57. L. D. Eldredge, Esq., is one of the state senators from Addison county.

'57. Henry S. Foote was visiting his friends in Middlebury this summer.

'59. C. G. Farwell is representative from Dorset in the state legislature.

'64. Dr. Hemenway has returned to his home in Manchester from Minnesota, where he has been recruiting his health.

'65. Ezekiel W. Dimond, professor of chemistry in Dartmouth, died of disease of the brain on July 7.

'66. Albee Smith boasts a baby.

'66. Thad Chapman does likewise.

'66. Hon. Abner Smith has been visiting his relatives in Orwell.

'67. D. N. Burke made a few speeches in Vermont during the state campaign, in favor of Tilden.

'70. J. E. Stapleton has been on the stump for Tilden in Vermont and New York.

'70. Dwight Matthews has gone and got married.

'71. F. B. Denio is studying theology at Yale.

'71. J. N. Mallory is teaching at Winchester, N. H.

'72. Rev. Henry Ladd owns a baby boy.

'72. Rev. Edgar Walker preaches at Bristol.

'72. Prof. H. H. Ross took to himself a wife in August last.

'73. H. F. Northrup has entered the engineering department of Harvard University.

'75. F. G. Swinington has gone to Yale to study law.

'75. C. M. Wilds is taking a post-graduate scientific course at Yale.

'75. C. H. Burritt is practising law at Lansing, Mich.

'76. O. W Dodge is principal of an academy at Flushing, N. Y.

'76. H. P. James and E. C. Evans have gone to Oberlin and entered the Theological Seminary there.

'76. W. S. Austin is principal of a school at Warrensburg, N. Y.

'76. W. R. Cray is studying law with Davis, Smith & Co., at St. Albans.

'76. Ed. Dana is studying law with Duncan & Veazy in Rutland.

'76. J. W. Abernethy has taken the post-graduate literary course of Yale.

'76. E. H. Eastman will teach at West Rutland, this winter.

'76. C. G. Farwell is principal of the Black River Academy, at Ludlow.

'77. Andy Stapleton stumped for Tilden in Vermont, during the state canvass.

'77. J. M. Hull is sick at his home in Ludlow.

'78. S. M. Harris is teaching at Royalton, Vt.

'80. Will Sheldon is in Philadelphia, visiting the big curiosity shops.

THE SANCTUM.

The *Mercury*, of Racine College, is not so good a journal as it might be, and yet it might be poorer. On the whole, it will pass.

The *Bates Student* appears well under its new management. That is an excellent article which is entitled "The Banquet of The Books."

We never could see any *raison d'etre* for the *Golden Sheaf*, and a careful perusal of the present number induces us to advise the thing to go into bankruptcy. We hope it will take our advice.

The *Wittenberger* introduces its new volume with a salutatory editorial only three and a half columns in length. After reading it we can truthfully say that its interest compares favorably with its brevity.

The Oberlin *Review* has always been a very fair paper, and bids fair this vear to retain all of its good qualities. Its editorials have usually been much better than those of some of its louder-bragging contemporaries.

The Williams *Athenæum* comes to us somewhat altered in appearance and size, but with no indications of decline. Its outside garb was always rather handsome, and as far as we have seen, it has always been well edited.

If we should say that the *College Record*, of Wheaton college, was a very "thin" affair, we might be using a commonplace and vulger expression, we know; but we should, nevertheless, be telling the exact truth. We advise it to shut up shop, or else reform.

The *University Press* has still chance for improvement, both in its literary and mechanical make-up. If it will take our advice, it will change the heading of its local department to *Hash*, as that would be a very fitting and accurately descriptive title for the said department.

The *Dartmouth* has taken on a new visage after its troubles last year, and it will be found that it is a much better paper than many of those which have been accustomed to run it down. Its editorials are rather weak, as yet, but this may be owing to the frequency of its publication.

The *Bowdoin Orient* put on a fine dress for its Commencement number, but was rather a poor number in a literary point of view. It seems to us that it is foolish in the extreme for so many of our exchanges to give up so large a space as they sometimes do to reports of class meetings, base-ball, society meetings, etc., etc. The *Orient* offends grievously in this respect in the present number.

PLUNDER.

Injun Probabilities: "Mebbe snow nex' week; mebbe heap dam hot."—*Ex.*

Girard College is to be enlarged so as to accommodate eight hundred students.—*Ex.*

The young ladies of Wellesley College are organized into a fire brigade, and are regularly drilled in their duties.—*Ex.*

A young lady's shawl made its appearance in the Seniors' recitation room, the other day. It (the shawl) was empty, however.—*Ex.*

Professor, "What is the earliest commercial transaction on record?" Junior, "Abraham's purchase of a field and cave *from* Macpelah."—*Ex.*

A Senior, after purchasing Porter's Elements of Intellectual Science at one of the book-stores, remarked "I may want a *Psychology*. What do you ask for one?"—*Ex.*

The city boys say that they have every thing their own way with the city girls during vacation, but with growls and threats and jealous eyes they dread the return of the boys.—*Press.*

The professor of Chemistry was enlightening a class upon the atomic theory: "Matter can be conceived as subdivided until you come to the ultimate particles; each one of these is an atom, if you can only get *at 'em*.—*Ex.*

The Seniors thought that Olmsted would be so much nicer than Silliman. "So much easier and *so* poetic, you know." But now they don't know.—*Ex.*

The largest feet known to history must be those of the Maryland editor who writes: "We black our boots with fifteen million boxes of domestic blacking a year."—*Ex.*

The corporation of Brown University have voted that the existence of secret societies among the undergraduates is unfriendly to the best interests of the University.—*Ex.*

Prof. in lecture.—"An average soldier or sailor consumes annually about eight hundred pounds of dry food, fifteen hundred pounds of drink, and—" Student, *sub voce*—"And how many cigars?"—*Ex.*

An aspirant for classical honors was looking at the statuary in the library the other day and called the attention of his friend to *Cleopatra*, whereupon his companion said, "You dunce! That is *Apollo*."—*Ex.*

Some of the whilom friends of the College are growing quite sensitive over the reputation of "my son and his parents and friends," and anxious for the good standing of Middlebury College.—*Dartmouth.*

Class in botany. Prof.: "I suppose Mr. S., you are conversant with all the flowers native to our soil. The water lily is one of—by-the-way, have you ever seen a water lily?" Mr. S. (student from Sandy Bar): "Well, no: but I've seen lots of dock rats."—*Ex.*

Scene, second Freshman examination. Prof.: "Have you a recommendation?" Fresh. (who had been rejected three times): "No, sir!" Prof.: "Why not?" Fresh.: "I have brought three or four and thought it would not be necessary now." Prof.: "Oh, I believe I recognize you now." Fresh.: "Yes, you have seen me here times enough before."—*Ex.*

Time, beginning of the year. First student (to 2d ditto), "Glad to see you back." Second student, "*So* glad you're glad." First student, "Glad you're glad I'm glad." Second student, "*So* glad you're glad I'm glad you're glad." A realizing sense of the awful insanity to which they are drifting here breaks off the colloquy.—*Ex.*

Scene in Physiology class: Dr.—"How many roots have the molar teeth in the upper jaw?" Student—"Two, I believe." Dr.—"Any more?" Student—"Well, sometimes more, sometimes less." Dr.—"If you don't *know* anything about the subject, just ask the first man you meet on the street now many roots molars have."—*Ex.*

One of the Freshmen is happy in the possession of a dilapidated Centennial relic which he sports upon his head in the shape of a plug.—*Ex.*

We imaginate that if that particular Freshman belonged to this institution, the dilapidation of his plug would soon be greatly increased, as also the size of his nose.

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"Ils [other geographies.—Ed.] dérivent tous du type créé par M. Arnold Guyot. Ce savant, dont le dernier 'Atlas Physical Geography' rapelle dignement le premier ouvrage, la Terre et l'Homme, a senti que la géographie avait besoin d'être comprise plus encore qu'apprise; il s'est appliqué à donner l'intelligence des grands lois de la nature à ses élèves, et à inspirer par là le sentiment de l'harmonie que préside à l'arrangement du monde; rendant l'enseignement élevé et interessant par des vues générales, en même temps que simple et accessible à des enfants, il est devenu le créateur d'une méthode féconde.... ..La méthode la plus suivie ou du moins la plus originale est celle de M. Arnold Guyot. Elle se fonde, comme la méthode qui débute par la commune, sur la facilité qu'ont les enfants de comprendre et de retenir par la vue; elle évite les définitions abstraites et la nomenclatures, et mettant à profit les scénes de la nature, tempêtes, cascades, paysages de forêts, les travaux des hommes tels que chasse, labourage, ou les lois élémentaires de la physique du globe, vent, hiver, elle intéresse par des images que le maitre accompagne de descriptions, sans s'attacher précisément à décrire le lieu qu'il habite. Ces deux méthodes sont rationelles et bien préférable à celle qui consiste à faire apprendre par cœur, au début une longue série de définitions abstraites sur les termes géographiques, et à continuer par des séries de noms propres, mers, iles, villes, etc., sans commentaire; si l'on ajoute, ce que tous les auteurs de géographie blâment, mais ce que certains membres pratiquent, sans carte, on arrive à faire de la géographie, qui est par elle-même attrayante, l'enseignement le plus fastidieux et le plus sterile.....

"Je termine cette revue par les États-Unis. Nous y retrouvons M. Guyot, qui accomplit dans la cartographie murale la même révolution que dans le reste de l'enseignement géographique. Il s'applique surtout à mettre en lumiére les grands traits de la géographie physique, cours d'eau, plaines, versants, plateaux, hautes chaines; il emploie surtout le vert et le bistre, en réservant des blancs sur les plus hautes crêtes; son planisphére, son Amérique du Nord, et surtout ses États-Unis, qui ont les mérites de ses atlas transformés dans le style mural, sont exécutés avec une grande habileté. Les autres cartes murales que preséntaient les États-Unis étaient bien inférieures; les cartes particulières d'États n'avaient aucune des qualités propres aux cartes murales."

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